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POETRY.

Honor to the Telling Hand.

All honor to the telling hand,
Or in the field or mine;
Or on the bar of law,
Or on the stage of life;
Or on the altar of truth,
Or on the altar of love;
Or on the altar of duty,
Or on the altar of God.
Then honor to the telling hand!

THE STORY TELLER.

From Gulliver's Travels.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Between cause and effect, philosophers maintain that there exists a just relation—and this one can doubt—yet, for all, we cannot help sometimes wondering at the extent of the effect when compared with the smallness of the cause.

"Large streams from little fountains flow—
Tall oaks from little acorns grow!"

And this apparent disproportion in the origin of things in the world of nature, has its counterpart in the world of man. How lighter than a feather in comparison, sometimes, is the cause which produces unhappiness! How often is the comfort of a whole family abridged by some trifling circumstance that ought not to have made a visible impression! How often is the sky darkened by a cloud which at first was no larger than a man's hand!

Causes that, to one unaffected by them, seem the most trifling, are permitted, week after week, and month after month, to come within the family sphere and keep it ever in a state of disturbance. Of these, perhaps the most fertile of domestic inquietude, are the fluctuations in the price of that necessary article of table condiment—butter. Don't smile, grave reader, at this seeming fall in the dignity of our exordium. Even while you smile, you may have unobservedly some sorrow that would never have marred your countenance had butter not risen, at some period in your life, to the extraordinary price of thirty-five cents a pound. Yes, our assertion is true, and we are prepared to prove what we affirm. We believe that, especially in our large cities, one of the most active causes of domestic unhappiness, lies in the fluctuation of the butter market. How many an honest citizen, or worthy member of a family, has gone to bed at night in the most amiable mood of life, and after an absence of an hour, come home sadly changed in temper, to throw a shadow over the pleasant household! And why? What cause has been potent enough to effect so radical a change? Butter has risen five cents in the pound! Yes, there is the explanation. It is no more nor less. Butter has done it!

How many go up to ten dollars, five to twenty cents, and even potatoes grow scarce at a dollar a bushel, without in the least affecting either the moral or physical comforts of Mr. and Mrs. Livewell, or affecting unpleasantly any member of their family; and these good things of life, "creature comforts," as they call them, may fall to the minimum market rate, and not produce a visible change in the thermometer of their feelings; but let there be a rise in butter, and down goes the mercury. The freezing point is thirty-seven and a half cents a pound, and "Zero" fifty. You may come within a few cents of the price at almost any time, by just looking into the face of Mr. or Mrs. Livewell, or any one of the Junior Livewells from Tom, who has just been passed into the High School, to little Em, who has been elevated to the high chair, and who likes butter with her laces. We verily believe that, if butter were never to go above a shilling a pound, the Livewells would be the happiest people in the city, and were it to keep at thirty-five, they would be the most miserable.

"Oh, dear! what are we coming to?" said Mrs. Livewell, in the midst of a few friends invited to spend a social evening not long since. "Butter is so terribly high! What do you think I paid for it?"

"Thirty-one?" inquired a lady present.

"Thirty-three?"

"Ah?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, did you get it for thirty-one?"

"Mrs. D— told me she paid thirty-one for excellent butter this morning," said the lady.

"Thirty-one! Then I was cheated; that's all! Did you get it for that?"

"I only paid twenty-five."

"Twenty-five?" Mrs. Livewell actually arose to her feet. "Twenty-five did you say? There was a look of profound astonishment on her face. 'Was it good butter?'"

"I never tasted better. But I have it engaged, returned the lady."

"Engaged? Oh! For the whole season?"

"Yes. A man comes to the door every week and serves me at a uniform price, no matter whether the market be high or low."

Mrs. Livewell sat down again, and the expression of her face changed.

"I don't like that plan," said she. "I tried it once, but I don't like it. It does well enough when butter's high, but to be paying a quarter for all your butter when the market is glutted with the very first quality for twenty and twenty-two, and even as low as sixteen, is not so pleasant, as I have experienced."

"But," said the lady, "take the season through, and I believe it comes cheaper. Besides, it's a great convenience to have a good article served to you regularly. This running through the market twice a week, tasting butter at every tub, is a terrible annoyance."

"I'm sure," returned Mrs. Livewell, "it wasn't a cent cheaper to us. Indeed, I know it cost us a great deal more than when we took the rise and fall of the market. How much do you use a week?"

"Five pounds," replied the lady.

"It takes eight for our table every blessed week, besides three or four pounds for cooking. It's a terrible tax! When the price is down as low as twenty cents, I don't mind it; but to be paying thirty or thirty-three is dreadful! I'm really fed up with it!"

"A pound of butter," spoke up Mr. Livewell, at this part of the conversation, "is never worth over a quarter, and to charge more, is downright cheating. If I had anything to do with law-making, I'd fix that as the highest limit!"

"And a barrel of flour at six dollars," said the lady, who had joined in the conversation.

"Well, yes—or seven dollars, if you choose. But butter should never be suffered to go above twenty-five cents. That is the very maximum price!"

"By the way," said Mr. Livewell, at this part of the conversation, drawing as he spoke, a slip of paper from his pocket, "I met with something today that is quite apposite to the subject. The fact is, the public mind is getting awake to this great imposition, and there will be a salutary reaction before long. The time for reform is at no great distance."

Mr. Livewell then read an account of some experiments made in the production of butter from grass and hay by a direct chemical process.

"There's a better time coming, you see," he remarked, as he carefully refolded the slip of paper, a light playing over his face; "or, as the song has it—"

"A good time coming, boys,
With a little longer days."

At no very distant period we shall dispense with the agency of the cow in this important matter altogether. And think what a saving that will be! Men of intelligence and enterprise will then come into the business, and we shall have a true competition—not such as exists among the present butter-makers and dairy-men, who keep on in the beaten track from generation to generation, as if there were no such thing as improvement. By this new method, you see, that large percentage more of butter is obtained from a ton of hay than when fed to cows. And this is no more than might be reasonably inferred, for it is plain that the animal must detract a portion for their own subsistence."

"How soon," inquired Mrs. Livewell, seriously, "will this new method be adopted?"

"Immediately, without doubt. The thing has been tried and proved. I shouldn't wonder if in six months we had a large establishment capable of supplying the whole city with milk, butter and cream, at half the usual prices!"

"Delighted!" exclaimed Mrs. Livewell. "Oh, I wish it were to-morrow! How much we are indebted to science!"

The conversation was interrupted here by the entrance of refreshments in the inviting shape of a couple of pyramids of ice-cream and a basket of choice cakes. Instantly the price of butter was forgotten—at least by all except the Livewells—and conversation, by a natural impulse, took a new and more generally agreeable direction.

Now, the Livewells are not penurious people by any means. Five or six dollars were spent for these refreshments without a feeling of regret for the cost. In fact, money ever passed freely for all their wants or pleasures, except in the single instance we have adduced. Only when butter was named, did the usually open hand become affected by a sudden contraction. Canvassers at a dollar and a half a pair were often on their tables; various steaks ordered on their choice dishes; and, indeed, the first of the ten dearest articles of the season were indulged without a thought of the cost coming in to mar their enjoyments—until, indeed, butter happened to be as high as thirty-three at the time. Alas for agood digestion when this was the case!

Bright and early on the morning after Mrs.

Livewell had been gladdened by the news of a great anticipated reform, by which cows and farmers could be dispensed with, that lady started for the market-house, in order to obtain her usual supply of butter. It did not escape her notice, as she came in the vicinity of Market street, that nearly all the bearers of butter-kettles who were wending their ways homeward, had sober faces. This was ominous of another rise, and caused a depression of at least two degrees in the thermometer of the lady's feelings.

"What's butter?" she asked, after entering the market-house and passing down a short distance to the stand of a Chester county farmer, who always sold an article of undoubted excellence.

"Thirty-seven and a half, ma'am," replied the farmer.

"What?" Mrs. Livewell drew herself up and looked seriously at the man. "I only paid you thirty-three on Saturday, and that was a shocking price."

"Butter's rize, ma'am," replied the farmer, with a comical leer. He could afford to be in a good humor, for he had nearly a hundred pounds in his tub, and knew, to a moral certainty, that it would go off whether Mrs. Livewell bought or not.

"Won't you take thirty-five for four pounds?"

"No, ma'am, not for twenty. Butter is butter these times."

Mrs. Livewell was just on the point of starting the ears of the farmer by an announcement of the important discovery that had been made, and which was to bring about a new order of things in the butter line, when she found herself surrounded by a jostling, eager crowd of butter-seekers, all nearly as much disturbed by the rise in the market as herself.

"I'll try further," she murmured, disengaging herself from the little knot of people that were pressing upon her, and moving down the market. She knew all the good butter-tubs from Eight street to Fourth, but alas! there was no variation in price. There seemed to have been a combination among the dealers to extort money from the good citizens of Philadelphia, and in her heart she felt that the offence was justly indictable as swindling. Three pounds, instead of four, the usual half-weekly supply, were purchased, after nearly three-quarters of an hour had been consumed in the search for good butter at thirty-five.

"Bless me, Kate, what has kept you so long?" was the grave salutation of Mr. Livewell, as his wife entered, half an hour after the usual breakfast time. "I was just going. It's too late for me to be away from home."

Mrs. Livewell's feelings were not in a condition to bear a much heavier pressure than they were already sustaining; and it is hardly, therefore, a matter of wonder that she made a feeble reply, communicating, as she did so, the painful fact that butter had risen to thirty-seven and a half.

"Thirty-seven?" exclaimed Mr. Livewell, retreating a pace or two.

"Yes, thirty-seven. I didn't say but three pounds, but that is as much as I intend to get until Saturday, so you may all make the most of it you can."

Mrs. Livewell threw aside her bonnet and shawl, and the shawl was cast upon a table, where the nurse had placed some milk while feeding the baby, and then, from an amount equal to four or five pounds of butter, Mrs. Livewell saw in a moment the change that had taken place. Lifting the shawl, she looked at it half indifferently, and then said, as she threw it again from her—

"Bless me! But it can't be helped now, and so there's no use in being unhappy about it."

As Mrs. Livewell descended to the breakfast-room, the serious fact of the rise in butter again took the uppermost place in her thoughts, and it led her in no longer to bear the restlessness of the children, who were hungry and impatient from having had to wait nearly half an hour before the usual breakfast hour.

The table was already furnished with two plates of the fresh butter, each containing half a pound. One of them was perceptibly ordered off, and the other piece cut in two.

When the hot cakes arrived, they were pronounced "swimming in butter." Not one of the children, however, from Tom down to Em, were willing to believe this.

"See, ma," said Tom, "there isn't hardly any butter on 'em!"

"Take molasses, then. Butter is too dear to be used after your fashion."

"I don't like molasses," replied Tom, in a most interesting whine.

"Then don't eat 'em," said the mother, her voice expressing anything but an amiable temper.

"Can't I have more butter?"

"No, not a particle more," was answered most positively.

Tom, at this, threw down his knife and looked sulky, whereupon his father ordered him to leave the table.

"I want some more butter," said little Em, unappalled by the fate of Tom.

"There's butter enough on your cakes," replied the mother.

"No there ain't. I want some more butter."

"Well, you can't have any more. Here's molasses."

"I don't want molasses. Give me more butter," make

"No, not a particle more."

Em showed her disappointment by screaming to the extent of her vocal capacity.

"You may scream from now until Doomsday," said Mrs. Livewell, coolly, "but you'll get no more butter. I declare, I never saw the like; you all seem to think that butter was made to be eaten like so much meat."

"I don't like these cakes," broke in Katy, next older than Em, who was still screaming madly. And the little lady pushed away her plate and leaned back in her chair.

"Why don't you like them? Will you hush, Em?"

The first sentence was a calm interrogation; the last, an angry exclamation.

"I want more butter," said Katy.

"Well, you won't get any more. Your cakes are swimming now."

Katy began to whine, and Em continued her undiminished scream.

"If you don't hush, I'll—" exclaimed Mr. Livewell, suddenly losing all patience and laying his hand heavily upon Em.

The threat of unuttered consequence did not in the least appal the little rebel, if the continuance of her ear-piercing screams gave any clue to the state of her feelings.

"I can't stand this!" fell at length, from the over-tired father's lips, and rising up quickly, he seized Em with a determined grip, and in a wonderfully short space of time, landed her in the chamber above, where he left her to cry it out by herself. As he came down, his eyes rested for a moment or two upon his hat, which hung in the passage, and he felt strongly inclined to seize upon it and beat a hurried retreat; but he resisted the temptation, and again entered the breakfast-room. Mrs. Livewell looked distressed, and the two remaining children wore a rebellious aspect. The latter, however, fully warned by the fate of Tom and Em, were silent, and ate, with an evident want of relish, the cakes said to be "swimming in butter." Upon this point, it is but fair to remark, there were two opinions.

Alas! what a tempest of unhappy feelings had the advance of four cents a pound in butter awakened in the breast of nearly every member of this family. The bouquet of flowers which Mrs. Livewell brought that morning in market, cost more than the whole advance on four pounds, the usual quantity purchased. This bouquet had been thrown on the mantelpiece carelessly, and while she was making her children miserable by standing them in their allowance of butter, the baby was tearing the flowers to pieces and strewn the leaves upon the floor. The destruction caused only a passing merriment. Strange habit of mind!

Yet Mrs. Livewell does not stand alone. She is the representative of a class, and that a very large one, with whom the price of butter throws brightness or gloom over the domestic circle.

Not loud, but deep were the domestic utterances of Mr. Livewell against the shameful extortion of the farmers and the dairy-men, as he hurried towards his store. Hopefully and earnestly did he look forward to the time when a milk and butter laboratory would be established in Philadelphia, and the city be guaranteed a full supply of the latter article at a fair rate, arriving at his store, he sat down to read his newspaper, and the first thing that met his eye was a glowing description of a new atmospheric churn, by which butter could be produced from either milk or cream in an incredible short space of time.

As the story went, every man could churn his own butter at the breakfast-table while the toast was making or the tea drawing. Without waiting to read his letters just brought in by one of his clerks, or stated Mr. Livewell to see this wonderful churn. The man who had the article for sale gave the most extraordinary account of its performance, and succeeded with but little trouble in inducing his rather green customer to exchange a ten-dollar bill for one of them.

"What in the name of wonder is this machine?" he went home to-day?" inquired Mrs. Livewell of her husband on the appearance of the latter at dinner time.

"That's a newly-invented churn on the atmospheric principle," replied Mr. Livewell, his face all aglow.

"Yes, my dear, on a new principle altogether. It has just been discovered. Every housekeeper can now have his own butter at less trouble than it takes to go to market. Put in a gallon or two of cream, and you have pounds fresh butter in five minutes."

"Are you certain, Mr. Livewell?" inquired his wife, incredulously.

"Oh, yes; it's no matter of speculation, but a fact. Butter can be made from cream in five minutes, and from skum milk in ten. Nothing to do but turn on, and the ultra-hot through those dashers, or whatever you call them, and the butter is there. It's the very between the chemical process we talked of last night and the ordinary mode. Isn't it grand?"

"It will do."

"Do! It can't help doing. The principle is as plain as daylight. It must do. To-morrow morning we will get a gallon of cream from our milk-man, and have butter of our own churning for breakfast. Think what a saving it will be!"

"How much butter will a gallon of cream make?"

"About five pounds, the man told me."

"Indeed! Cream is eighty cents a gallon. That will bring the butter down to sixteen cents."

"And we'll have the butter-milk into the bargain. Capital isn't it? I wonder people have never thought of this before. It doesn't take a great while for butter to come, even in the ordinary churn."

Full of this new idea, on the next morning their milk-man was over-persuaded to disappoint the remainder of his customers to let them have a gallon of cream for their new experiment. An effort had been made to keep the juveniles in ignorance of what was going on; but they had seen the churn, and with the wonderful instinct of children, seemed at once to comprehend its mysteries, and to understand that it was to be used in the morning. So, when the experiment was to be tried, they were there, from Tom down to Em, notwithstanding they had been told a dozen times by their mother to go away upstairs and remain until called. Of course, each one felt desirous of assisting in the new and interesting work; and as all could not get hold of the handle of the churn at once, not a little pushing, scolding, quarreling and crying took place, in the midst of which Mr. Livewell, who was a decided man when fairly aroused, turned the whole posse of them out of the room. Finally, the gallon of cream was poured into the churn, and Mr. Livewell commenced the operation of turning. Most faithfully did he work for five minutes, when the top was removed, and the heads of the husband and wife came together in rather a jarring contact, as each sought eagerly to see the four or five pounds lumps of sweet butter, all ready for the table, swimming about in the novel machine. For a moment or two they saw only sparks, then a thick mass became visible, floating on the surface of the buttermilk.

"Try a little longer," said Mrs. Livewell.

"Five minutes he told me was ample. I don't believe the cream is good."

"Oh, yes, I know the cream is good," returned the wife. "You must churn longer."

And so the lid was put down, and the patient butter-maker again set in operation and worked for five minutes, during the whole of which time Em and Katy were pounding and calling on the outside of the door.

"Now I guess it's come," said Mr. Livewell, as he took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, while Mrs. Livewell proceeded to inspect the contents of the churn. But, alas! there was nothing within that was familiar to their eyes as butter. In its place was a thick, soft mass, that bore some slight resemblance to the article they sought. In its place, pondering over this and wondering what it could mean, a gleam of light came into the mind of Mr. Livewell. He remembered having heard to the higher courts, and was absolutely obliged to make a pilgrimage to the good old city of Trimount.

To have seen the preparations Mr. Simpson, who had been a week's stay in Boston, one would have said he was about to make the tour of Europe and the East, or fit out an expedition for the gold regions in California. He was more than three days packing his trunk, and near thirty-six hours were consumed in taking leave of his family and seeing that he had forgotten nothing. I need not dwell upon the grief occasioned by his departure, nor repeat all the last words which were uttered by the family, every member of which expressed an earnest desire that he would take good care of himself, beware of getting lost, and return to them again safe and sound, within a week.

Sim arrived in Boston, and created a sensation, the effects of which will never be entirely obliterated. At that time very low, narrow coats were worn by the ton, but when Mr. Simpson was seen with a cravat that confined his neck to the chin, and a dicky which was bounded by the Point Check-bone on the upper side, and by the Mount Nose and the Gulf of Ivory in front, every gentleman of sense and fashion made his appearance with a similar article. Linen drapers made quite a speculation in consequence, and some hundreds of pounds of starch are said to have been consumed the following week in stiffening up their face fortifications alone.

Mr. Simpson, wishing to follow the injunctions of his economical progenitor, was determined to be as little expensive as possible during his stay in Boston. With this laudable view he called at a boarding-house in ——— street, and knocked until his knuckles were sore—not observing the bell-handle—for admittance. At last the door was opened, and a dapper young man was pressing into the street when Sim arrested him with—

"Hure! youa there! Is there a boardin' house?"

"Yes, sir-ree!" was the reply.

"Well! now! if that ain't short enough, any how! But see here! don't you be in such a hurrer! Jest you tell me how much you ask for boarders—"

"I ain't the man of the house, interrupted the dapper young man, and hurried down the street. Sim stood gazing at him with an expression of blank wonder, asking himself what his father would do on such an occasion, when Susan came to the door. Sim repeated his questions to her; upon which she introduced him into the parlor, and called Mrs. Whittridge, telling her a gentleman had made application for board.

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

SIMPSON SIMPSON, ESQUIRE. A TRUE SKETCH.

BY PAUL GREYTON.

Picture to yourself a tall, bony individual, twenty-five years of age or upwards, with a red face, a small gray eye, a nose nature seemed to have formed in one of her most generous moods, light hair, a hollow cheek, and a mouth—

"Excelled by none, equalled by few,"

and you have the outlines—the literary daguerre-type, as it were—of the subject of the present article—

SIMPSON SIMPSON, ESQUIRE!

Simpson Simpson, Esq.—(some people called him briefly, 'Sim')—was one of the most moral, sober, good natured individuals New England ever produced. He was not a Quaker, although in his dress and manners he was plain and blunt moreover, he held in righteous abhorrence everything that was not strictly in accordance with the opinions inculcated into his generous soul by the excellent old gentleman his father.

In effect, Sim was his father's own son; and Sim's father was a man—

"Take him for all in all,
We never shall look upon his like again!"

If we except the promising Simeon himself—From his boyhood Sim had taken pride in doing as his father did, and in imitating him in every respect. He greeted his friends with the same peculiar grip of the hand; made a trumpet of his nose, when he blew it, just as his father did; held his pipe, in smoking, in the same corner of his mouth, and had the same inimitable manner of squirling through his teeth observable in the old gentleman himself; had his father's gait precisely, and we are informed his father walked as no other man ever walked before; laughed like the old man; coughed like him; winked like him, and did a thousand things beside, in a manner no man ever did before, except his father.

In short, Sim was a new edition of the old gentleman, got up on the same plan of the former work, without a single addition or correction. The result of this was, that Sim differed from Yankees in general, in the main features by which they are distinguished. He disliked improvement, considering everything of that description as an insult to the good sense and pious institutions of his forefathers; and was contented to live on in the same serene, tranquil way they had pursued before him, never once questioning the utility or practicability of following their example.

Some weeks ago Sim came to Boston. Every body was surprised at this, for Sim's father had always lived in the country, and was never known to go to Boston in his life. But Sim was a witness in a case which had been carried up to the higher courts, and was absolutely obliged to make a pilgrimage to the good old city of Trimount.

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